The Ubyssey

Issued Weekly by the Publications Board of the University of British Columbia

Volume V. VANCOUVER, B. C., MARCH 29, 1923 No. 21

INTERCLASS TRACK MEET SUCCESSFUL

Agriculture Wins First Place With Twenty-four Points: Arts Juniors Second

In the most successful track meet ever held at the local Varsity, eleven records were broken, while another was made but disallowed. The grounds at Brockton Point were in excellent condition and garrison finishes were the order of the day. Agriculture copped the honors of the day making first place with 24 points, Arts '24 came second with 20 points, third place went to Science '25 with 19 points, while the Arts Sophomores made fourth with 16 points.

Hugh Russel, track star of the Aggies, copped the all-round championship after a spirited contest—Cliff Mathers ran him a close second, with Buckley and Rae, third and fourth respectively.

The first record of the afternoon went when Livingston took 3/5 of a second off his hurdles record. He tipped a hurdle and the mark was disallowed. In the next event, the Shot Put Ramsell of Sc. '25 heaved the weight 37.3 feet, a new record. He again stepped into the limelight when he threw the discus, establishing a record of 95.65 feet. Mathers came second in this event.

In the half-mile Buckley clipped three seconds off his old mark and established a new record of 2 minutes 8 2 5 seconds. It was a close race, Arkley of Arts '25 leading until the last 10 yards.

Livingston showed that he has all his old speed and then some. He won the 220 yards easily, broke his old record, and won a shield presented for the event by Dr. Bricker. Time 24 seconds.

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U. B. C. RECORDS FOR TRACK 1919-23

120 Yard Hurdles—Garrett Livingston, Arts '24; 18 secs., 1920.

Shot Put—Nicholson, Arts '25, 1921; Ramsell, Sc. '25, 1923; 37 ft. 3 in.

100 Yards—Livingston, Arts '24, 1920-23; 10 4-5 secs.

Discus—Ramsell, Sc. '25, 1923; 95 ft. .65 ins.

Half Mile—Les Buckley, Agric., 1923; 2 min. 8 2-5 secs.

220 Yards—Livingston, Arts '24, 1920-23; 24 secs.

High Jump—H. Russell, Agric., 1923, 5 ft. 9.4 in.

Javelin—Lazenby, Sc. '25, 1923; 132.4 ft.

440 Yards—Livingston, Arts '24, 1920; 55 secs.

Pole Vault—Demidoff, Sc. '25, 1923; 9 ft. 5 ins.

Hop Step and Jump—Barry, Agric., 1923; 37.65 ft.

Half Mile Relay—Agric., 1923; 1 min. 41 4-5 secs.

One Mile—Carl Barton, Sc. '26, 1923, 4 min. 55 secs.

Broad Jump—E. Williams, Arts '24, 1920; 19 ft. 3 ins.

The men we are going to root for Friday.

Tomorrow the long-expected play-off with Vancouver is to take place. Nanaimo's failure to put in an appearance last Saturday made the game certain. Varsity and Vancouver are tied so that a win or defeat tomorrow means the gain or loss of the Cup, while a draw will leave the issue still undecided. Vancouver, it is well known, have adopted a stiff training programme and should be in fine shape for tomorrow. Needless to say, Varsity have not been idle. With the "Rep" straining every nerve to gain the cup and the college team equally determined to wipe out their last defeat and retain the silverware, an epic struggle is certain. Given a fair turn of luck, Varsity should pull off a victory, and with the whole college behind them and the team working as they have shown up in the past, there should be little cause for anxiety. Varsity will have a full team in the field while Vancouver has lost the services of Decker, one of their best forwards.

First game, Varsity 10-3; second game, Vancouver 5-3; tomorrow.....?

Be out at Brockton Point Friday and help to make it a victory.

GLEE CLUB IN SPRING CONCERT

Musical Society Scores Success at Seventh Annual Spring Concert

The Seventh Annual Concert of the University Musical Society, which was held in the Hotel Vancouver ballroom, Friday, March 23rd, was from an artistic point of view one of the most successful that the Society has produced. The musical merit of many of the selections deserves the highest praise. Unfortunately there was a comparatively small although enthusiastic audience.

The offerings of the men and womens Glee Clubs showed particular preparation, sympathetic training, and finished interpretation in such pieces as Elgar's "Lullaby," (from Bavarian Highlands) "Cherry Ripe," by Land and "Good Night, Good Night Beloved," by Pinsuti. The women's voices had a depth of tone and power that under the skilful leadership of Mr. Grant, revealed many effects of rhythm and shading that called forth the appreciation of the audience. The lightness and humor that characterized the singing of Cook's "My Lady's Lips Am Like de Honey" and "Swing Along," was distinctly pleasing. Careful preparation marked the contribution of the orchestra.

The Society was fortunate in their assisting artists. Miss Nellie Harrison in two numbers and an encore delight-

(Continued on Page 5.)

VARSITY WINS MAINLAND CUP

Veterans Lose by One Goal to Fast Collegians — Huge Crowd on Hand.

Varsity won from Kitsilano in a First Division fixture at Athletic Park, Saturday, finishing a rather listless game on the long end of a 2-0 score.

Jim Miller's team, although playing a scientific game, could not often penetrate the Varsity's defense, and when they did so Mosher was infallible. He stopped long shots and high shots and all sorts of shots with an ease that his fine height makes possible. Angus, the Kitsies' inside right as well as Munro passed up many opportunities, while the Collegians made the most of their chances and gathered two counters.

The first goal came near the end of the first half when Dean found the ball at his feet after a scrimmage in front of the Kitsilano goal. He placed it past the goalie who had no chance to save.

Lundie made it two for Varsity, when Baker passed neatly to Ternan, who dropped the ball in front of the goal. The Varsity center forward easily beat the custodian of the nets and made it 2-0 in the Collegians' favor.

There was yet twenty-five minutes of the second half to go, and, in spite of the fact that Kitsilano pressed hard the Varsity defense held them out.

(Continued on Page 2.)

PERSONNEL OF COUNCIL COMPLETE

All Faculties and Many Years Represented on Student Governing Body

The election of next year's Council is now complete. Once again the students of the University have exercised their rights as members of a democratic institution, and have assumed the duties of elections with characteristic seriousness.

The new student officials have had the necessary apprenticeship for high office in positions of minor responsibility, and enter this new sphere of activity fully prepared to assume the task of directing the affairs of the student body during the coming session.

Mr. A. E. Grauer, Arts '25, was elected to the Presidency of the Literary and Scientific Department by a plurality of eleven votes over Mr. Alexander Zoond. The winner polled 258 votes; Mr. Zoond, 247. Mr. Grauer is well known as a member of the debating team which recently defeated the University of California.

Mr. Jasper Wolverton, Science '24, was elected President of Men's Athletics, defeating H. O. Arkley by a large majority. Mr. Wolverton has been actively associated with University athletics on the executive of the Soccer Club.

Arts '25 will be represented on the Council by Miss Doris Shorney, the new President of the Women's Athletics.

In a closely contested election, Mr. Bill McKee defeated his opponent, Mr. Lloyd Wheeler, by a single vote and thereby became President of the Arts Men's Undergrad.

Mr. Bob Hedley was the unanimous choice of the Science men as President of the S. M. U. S., while Mr. Hugh Russell will represent Agriculture on next year's Council.

The spirited contest between Miss Betty Somerset and Miss Eleanor Ormrod for the Presidency of the Arts Women's Undergrad, resulted in the election of Miss Somerset.

VARSITY'S 1923-24 COUNCIL.

President Alma Mater Society—Mr. Jack Grant.

Secretary—Miss Helen Turpin.

Treasurer—Mr. Percy Barr.

Marshal—Mr. R. L. McLeod.

Arts Men's Undergraduate Society—Mr. Bill McKee.

Arts Women's Undergraduate Society—Miss Betty Somerset.

Science Undergraduate Society — Mr. Bob Hedley.

Agriculture Undergraduate Society —Mr. Hugh Russell.

Men's Athletic Association—Mr. Jasper Wolverton.

Editor-in-Chief of Publications—Mr. G. Bruun.

President Literary and Scientific Department—Mr. A. E. Grauer.

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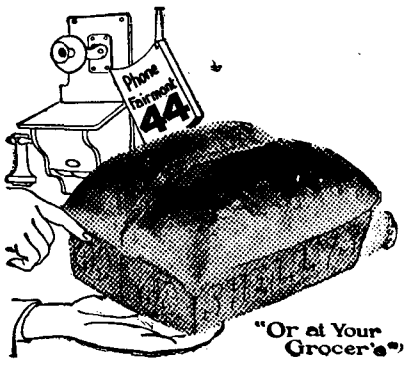

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First Division Hosts at Dinner

The University Association Football Club were hosts to representatives of the First Division Clubs and the local governing board, at a dinner held Saturday evening in the Rose du Barry room, of the Hotel Vancouver.

Mr. Lorimer Baker, Arts '25, captain of the College team, occupied the chair and expressed his thanks to the local board, for the co-operation and support given the Varsity team this season.

The toast, "Our Guests" was proposed by Jock Lundie, Arts '24 and replied to by Mr. J. Russell, vice-president of the D. F. A. and Mr. F. O. Campbell, president of the B. C. F. A. Mr. Campbell declared that there would be no difficulty in shifting the date of the Provincial finals to April 28 in order to give the Collegians a fair chance with their examinations.

Other speakers during the evening were Mr. J. Haslett, president of the local board, Mr. A. Richards, president of the Alma Mater Society, Mr. D. Rae, president of the Men's Athletic Society and Mr. T. Nelson of the North Vancouver Elks.

First Division Game

(Continued from Page 1)

For Kitsilano, Gammell and Husband were outstanding. Husband is a heady, fast player and would be a decided asset to any team. For the Students, Baker and Ternan showed well. The captain of the Collegians was in form and was indirectly responsible for the second goal. "Gee" too, showed a decided and promising improvement over his play of the previous week.

Reeve, handled the whistle, and was satisfactory to spectators and players alike.

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History of the "Ubyssey"

Immediately after the establishing of the University, the "Ubyssey" was founded. It was then issued monthly, consisted of three 10-inch columns, and was called the "Ubicee." But the "Ubicee" was destined to become the "Odyssey" of the University, consequently under Shaw its present name was adopted. It was "Alf" Rive, editor-in-chief from 1918-1919, who was largely responsible for "putting the college paper on its feet." Rive was succeeded by Arnold Webster, 1919-1920; Whitley, 1920-1921; A. H. Imlah, 1921-1922; and Harry Cassidy, 1922-1923.

In 1921 the "Ubyssey" became a four 12-inch column paper. Also in that year Alan Hurst, realizing the necessity of a "comic" section, was instrumental in establishing the Muck-a-Muck column; and Lionel Stevenson founded the Literary supplement, the tradition of which has been carried on in a worthy manner. The "Ubyssey" has also joined the Pacific Intercollegiate and Western Province Press Associations, and consequently has received news letter exchanges from the American colleges and the three western colleges of Canada. Moreover the editors-in-chief of our college paper have met other college editors at conventions. Besides establishing the "Muck-a-Muck" column, Literary supplement, etc., the "Ubyssey" has on several occasions started things not mentioned here.

There are at present 26 on the "Ubyssey" staff, and the publications for this year has spent between $5000 and $6000. The policy of the college paper has been to adopt an independent and unfettered stand on editorial matters, and the editorial board, although responsible to the Students' Council, has been allowed to determine its own policy. H. M. Cassidy, the editor-in-chief, states: "It has been a matter of gratification to me during the past year that the editorial board has been a unit on all important matters of policy, and its loyal support and untiring efforts have made possible any advances that may have been made.

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SPORT NEWS

GOVERNORS' CUP STANDING TO DATE

By virtue of coming first in the Track Meet, Agriculture has gathered eleven points, and is tied for first place with Science '25. Science '23 and Arts '25 are tied for second place and the finals of the soccer and the rugby must be played before a decition can be arrived at. The standing follows:

Agriculture	11	points
Science '25	11	"
Arts '25	9	"
Science '23	9	"
Science '24	8	"
Arts '26	5	"
Arts '24	4½	"
Arts '23	1½	"
Science '26	1	"

BASKETBALL.

Varsity basketball fans will have the chance to witness some first-class basketball next week, when two Varsity teams go into the provincial playoffs, which will be held at the Y. M. C. A. gym.

On Tuesday night Varsity Intermediates will play Nanaimo in the semi-final of the Intermediate B division. On Wednesday, Varsity Ladies will meet either St. Marks or Chilliwack in the semi-finals of this division.

If the Intermediate B quintette is victorious on Tuesday, they will enter the finals with the winners of the game between Kamloops and the Vancouver Sunday School champs, which takes place Tuesday. A fine cup has been donated by the Western Fuel Co. of Nanaimo for the championship. If the Ladies' team wins on Wednesday, they will clash with the Nanaimo Davenports for the provincial title. These final games will be played Saturday.

S. D. K.

The last meeting of the Sigma Delta Kappa for this year was held on Tuesday, March 26, when an interesting programme was enjoyed by the members.

Astrological readings by Professor Singer proved surprising, and caused a great deal of amusement. A farce, "The Defective Detective," adapted by Messrs. Dunn and Schaffer from Stephen Leacock's "Nonsense Novels," was acted by the S. D. K. players. This was followed by a one-act play, "The Fall of Greece," by Mr. E. Dunn.

"Resolved, that it is better to be fat than thin," was the subject of the debate for which Mr. "Chink" McKay and Mr. Francis Hardwick took the affirmative. The negative was upheld by Miss Cawthorne and Mr. H. B. Goult. Judging was by the Oxford system, and the decision went to the affirmative.

The serving of refreshments concluded a very enjoyable evening whose success was due to the efforts of Messrs. Dunn, Shaffer and Gregson.

Every one was pleased to see the president, Mr. H. Goodwin, back again after his illness. It is due to his untiring work and that of the executive that the past year has been such a successful one for the S. D. K.

The election of officers will take place at the beginning of the next session. It has been decided that the membership will be closed.

TRACK ANNOUNCEMENT.

There is a possibility that the U. B. C. Track Club will compete with the Washington Freshmen next month. Track men are advised to keep in condition for the event.

VARSITY LOSES SWIMMING MEET

By the narrow margin of three points the Vancouver Amateur Swimming Club took a hard fought meet from Varsity, and came out on the long end of a 31-28 point score. As a result the Club keeps the Leigh Cup for another year. The Varsity, however, is determined to bring home the trophy next year, and can be relied upon to put up a hard fight for the honors.

Especially outstanding was the work of Miss Peter of Varsity, who swam two laps in the woman's relay race on account of the absence of a teammate. Although the V. A. S. C. team won, Miss Peter is to be congratulated on her fine sportsmanship.

Results of the meet follow:

Ladies' plunge for distance—Helen Gough, V.A.S.C., 45 feet.

100 yards, men—Art Dawe, V.A.S.C., 71 seconds.

50 yards, women—Masie Lyons, V.A.S.C., 40 seconds.

Plunge for distance, men—A. Stewardson, Varsity, 50 feet.

50 yards, men—B. MacDonald, Varsity, 31 2-5 seconds.

220 yards, men—Donny Mantle, V.A.S.C., 3 minutes 26 2-5 seconds.

Diving, men—1, Paul Laidlaw, V.A.S.C., 2, Frank Penwill, Varsity; 3, Donnie Sprague, V.A.S.C.

Diving, women (exhibition), by Maisie Lyons and Lillian Broadfoot.

50 yards backstroke, men—Cyril Jones, Varsity, 39 seconds.

50 yards backstroke, women—Claire Blaney, V.A.S.C., 55 seconds.

100 yards backstroke, women—Sylvia Thrupp, Varsity, 1 minute and 45 seconds.

100 yards breaststroke, men—Chuck Hills, V.A.S.C., 1 minute and 19 seconds.

Women's relay—V. A. S. C. team (R. Tingley, K. Kendall, Maisie Lyons, Helen Gough).

Men's relay for Leigh cup—V.A.S.C. team (A. Dawe, D. Mantle, J. Nesbitt, R. MacMillan).

POSITIONS OFFERING

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CHANGING GUARD.

With the approaching end of the academic year the Ubyssey ceases publication until the re-opening of college next autumn, and the present Editorial Board relinquishes the direction of the paper which they have held for twelve months. To a number of the retiring members of the board the close of this session means the severing of several years' close association with the Ubyssey. It is with a certain feeling of regret that they pass on their responsibilities.

For the Ubyssey associations have been pleasant, on the whole, in spite of the vicissitudes to which the college paper is subject. There are downs as well as ups in the lives of college editors. They have a great deal more work to do than is commonly recognized; and they must attempt to define that nebulous something called "student opinion" which is probably as non-existent as Rousseau's "will of all." They find it impossible to please all of their readers; and the disgruntled ones voice their criticisms in no uncertain manner.

Yet there are compensations of fellowship, of sharing in constructive effort, of merging the individual in the collective personality for a common cause, that go far to make up for disadvantages.

To our successors who will carry on the Ubyssey we wish the utmost of good fortune. May they have more success than we where all must fail—to make the paper worthy of the Alma Mater. And may the path of college journalism be as pleasant for them as it has been for us.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT'S VISIT.

We understand that there has been a certain amount of criticism of the Ubyssey's comments on Sir Henry Newbolt's speeches at the University. It is unfortunate that some of the satiric allusions, which may have been in poor taste, have been confounded with the editorial and news-column comment on the affair. We regret the occurrence of these allusions. We believe that we interpreted student opinion correctly, however, and we take this opportunity of re-affirming our editorial stand as expressed in last week's issue of the paper.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

The Ubyssey desires to announce that the only information authorized by any member of the editorial board for publication in down-town papers was the gist of our second editorial above in which our true position is adequately defined. With this word we leave to our readers their interpretation of any exaggerations appearing in the city dailies.

THE LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

In this issue the major efforts of our literary contributors have been collected and published. These articles, in prose or verse, are representative of the best original work which students of the University have done this year, and are, in our opinion, equal in merit to that of other years and to contemporary achievements in other colleges.

The Literary Supplement has become established as a feature of the year's last issue, and we feel confident that it justifies the labour and expense involved, not only because it stimulates creative work among the students, but because the contributions individually attain to a standard of excellence entitling them to publication.

By the Way

De gustibus non est disputandum.

* * *

We have received several catalogues from dealers in sackcloth and ashes.

* * *

To any of our admirers we are quite willing to bequeath a few thorns from our garland.

* * *

On a tort de vouloir etre sage tout seul.

* * *

We commend to our readers' attention the symbolism of the new weather-vane on the Chemistry Building.

* * *

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"

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INTERCLASS COMPETITION.

In the annual interclass competition for 1922-1923, Science '25 have proved the victors, and consequently have won the Governor's Cup. This results from the fact that Science '25 is now leading by eleven points—and the finals of the soccer-rugby have been definitely cancelled.

PRESENTATION DAY.

Friday, April 6th, is Varsity's Annual Presentation Day. Students will gather to do honor to their popular athletic heroes, who will receive block letters, medals, and cups, emblematic of prowess on track and field.

The feature of paramount interest will be the presentation of the Mainland Cup to the First Division soccer squad.

This is Varsity's first year in senior company, and the "mere boys" have battled to the first place in the league.

Should Varsity be so fortunate as to win the McKechnie Cup game tomorrow, the Senior Rugby team will be on hand to lay claim to this piece of silverware for the next year.

"UBYSSEY" APPOINTMENTS.

The following appointments have been made to the Editorial Board of the "Ubyssey" for the session of 1923-1924:—

Senior Associate Editor — Eric W. Jackson.

Second Associate Editor— Geoffrey B. Riddehough.

Third Associate Editor — Grace E. M. Smith.

The Editorial Board extends its heartiest greetings to the new members and feels that next year's "Ubyssey" may confidently be entrusted to their supervision.

Mr. T. J. Keenan has been appointed Advertising Manager of the "Ubyssey" for the coming session. Mr. Keenan's work on both the "Ubyssey" and the Annual this year deserve this well-merited promotion.

FOUND.

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Literary Supplement

Easter 1923

The Greatest of These.

Arthur James Malloy was not a religious person. Any of his friends of the underworld could have vouched for the truth of this assertion. The chief of police could at any time have furnished the information that Arthur James, alias "Spike," was a very poor student of theology. The same chief of police would have experienced a decided shock had he known that at this very moment Spike was present at a sermon at the City Mission. The shock would soon have lost its violence when the reflection followed that the philanthropists of the city were wont to distribute a free lunch each Sunday evening at the Mission at the close of the address of Brother Henderson.

For some hours past Spike had been on an enforced diet until now the word "hungry" was wholly inadequate to describe his condition. At this moment, in fact, Spike could, in his own words, "chew carpet tacks."

Brother Henderson's sermon was fairly good as sermons go. That is, it contained a "message" for those who paid attention. But Spike was one of those who had ears yet heard not. Through the open door at the side of the platform Spike could watch the movements of certain benevolent-looking old ladies. They had just started to prepare the refreshments, and to Spike their actions were painfully slow. He felt angry at the thought of a long hour's wait through the remarks of this white-whiskered gent. White-whiskered, white- fronted, with lily-white hands! What did he know about the proper way of life?

The aroma of freshly ground coffee drove the resentment from his mind, and for a time made him giddy. Why didn't the fool stop his jaw? Brother Henderson was describing the incident of the five loaves and two small fishes. Spike had a mental image of those two small fishes frying merrily in a pan. The image nearly drove him mad. He knew that a policeman was stationed at the main entrance. Had it not been for this knowledge, Spike would have shouted aloud.

Through the doorway he could see heaping plates of sandwiches. Wouldn't the damn fool ever quit talking! Brother Henderson was rising to his peroration. The lily-white hands were gesticulating eloquently. The keen eyes of the preacher were earnestly searching the faces of the hearers. Suddenly, after a moment of fiery oratory, Brother Henderson hurled a question at his audience: "My brethren, have you never wished to eat of the fruit of the tree of life?" It was too much for poor Spike. From his lips came an answering shout, "Gawd, no! Bring on your coffee!"

It took the policeman ten minutes to usher him to the sidewalk.

But then Spike was not a religious person.

J. A. G.

The Faun.

Mine the one song,
To hold you from the world,
Mine the one call
Out of the shadow.
Should the moonlight fall
Would you discern
The foreign guile,
The copper light in slanted eyes,
The tilted smile?

I am the lover
With the unhuman fire
You so desire.
I that am half a man,
And cannot hear
The high adventure
Calling from the hill,
But dance along the valley
To your will,
Crowned with your flowers.
Passionate lover
Through eternal hours,
I lead you to enchantment
From the years
Heavy with thought,
And ragged as with tears.
How should you notice then
My pointed ears?

D. H. W.

Ballade of the Unreturning Wings.

Above the bounty of the Spring's bestowing,
The golden buds the April garden bears,
Above the murmur of the green things growing
And anthem of each bird that reappears,
There is a never-ending chorus nears
Stilling the tumult of the twitterings
Until it grows like thunder on our ears—
The whisper of the unreturning wings.

It is the rustle of the red leaves blowing
In empty courts, by unremembered meres;
The murmur of the moonlit waters flowing
From broken fountains over broken tiers;
It is the song of all that Summer sears
And all the hoard of Winter harvestings,
An echo of the youth of other years;
The whisper of the unreturning wings.

It shall outlive the gleam of April's going,
The withered gold the autumn garden wears;
It shall outlive the reaping and the sowing
And garnered gleanings of the golden years;
Yea, after we forget the faiths and fears,
The jests and jealousies and journeyings,
The silence shall be murmurous with tears;
The whisper of the unreturning wings.

L'Envoi.

Youth, pity all upon whose aged ears
The terrible finality of things
Is echoing from all the empty years—
The whisper of the unreturning wings.

G. B.

The Point of Dishonour.

To deplore the popularization of works of art would be a mere pedantry were it not that the act of communication is too often also a debasement. At best it is a tacit denial of the separate life of the creation and of its assembled traditions, a thrusting upon it of alien associations and tawdry intent: at worst it is a proffered outrage.

With like discourtesy, unconscious perhaps but none the less uncouth, the orchestra in a local theatre recently played Solveig's song from "Peer Gynt" as an accompaniment to the gymnastics of a Japanese contortionist. Even in the brief space before one recognized the music there was a vague feeling of unease that sharpened the next moment into a disconcerted sense of incongruity. The erect simplicity of Solveig's thanksgiving, the consummation of hope long-deferred, all that gracious and tranquil dignity of benediction that is implicit in her song, indifferently rendered as it was on this occasion, was evoked only to be instantly profaned by association with the contorted attitudes and the lithe bouffonnerie of a slim figure in tights.

Perhaps none of the arts has wholly escaped this manner of insult; but music, being the most immediately intelligible and the most defenceless, suffers daily violence in this kind. She is made to wait as handmaid on that vulgar parvenu, the motion picture camera, whose sole and peculiar slave should properly be jazz, that strident genius of its own generation.

Far from being a desecration, the familiar use of good music in our places of recreation is in itself an ideal. It is not the giving that is lamentable, but the banality of the circumstance that discrowns the gift. Not with its integrity inviolate is a thing of worth and beauty received into the presence of the people: the toll of popular acclaim must be paid, and the point of dishonour conceded.

M. P.

Singhalese

Bandia

O Bandia, you are like
my father's buffalo,
who loves the paddy-mud;
but shall I, like a crow,
pick leeches from your teeth? . . .
Not so!

Like him? Not half so good.
See, where he stands and waits me,—
our old mud-buffalo,
who neither loves nor hates me.

For when you follow me,
as you so often do,
I dare not let him loose,—
how he does glare at you!
That is the best of him. . . .
Me too!

L. H.

Spring in Japan.

Would that my lord could see this wondrous show
Of tender blossoms on the plum-trees. . . .
Lo,
When in my hands I gathered some at morn,
I could not tell the blossom from the snow.

Much bloom had fallen ere this festival
Of shining snow came down upon it all. . . .
Oh, was it not enough that shower was shower,
And white was white, that snow itself should fall?

Snow in the hills still lies to swell the flood
Which drags untarnished beauty in the mud,
From whence indeed all beauty springs again,—
As witness now these willows in full bud.

A wonder also I would show him spread
Among the tasselled willows overhead,
Ere the rude winds of Spring ungraciously
Confuse them, and entangle every thread.

Hasten, O Willows, and rejoice with Spring!
Hang in thy grove the lures which yearly bring
The nightingale to thy green harbourage,
Secluded to resort, unseen to sing.

Across the moorland as I went, a veil
Of lazy mist was rising in the dale . . .
It seems that Spring has come indeed, for hark!
Insistent but unseen, the nightingale!

L. H.

Ballade of My Lost Heurodis.

(Note.—Heurodis was the wife of King Orfeo, and went to sleep beneath the grafted tree, over which the Fairy King had power. He stole her away from beneath all the spears of King Orfeo, and held her in Fairyland till Orfeo softened his heart with plaintive music.)

They took Heurodis far away
To where the fairy riders dwell;
They grudged us every happy day
Unruined by a baleful spell.
How should she know what magic fell
Lay in the tree whose grafted bough
Shadows the fatal Dreamland Well?
Ah, give back my Heurodis now!

The thousand spearmen who obey
My battle-word stood sentinel
Around Heurodis while she lay
In Slumber's inmost citadel—
How should a mortal king repel
Oberon's noontide horsemen? How
Against his gramarye rebel?
Ah, give back my Heurodis now!

Oft in the forest while I play
My lonely harp, its chords compel
Pity from beasts: the wild wolf grey
Heareth the mournful heart-notes swell,
And strange shy things of copse and dell
Are sorrowful; remainest thou,
Great Oberon, implacable?
Ah, give back my Heurodis now!

L'Envoi.

O Fairy Prince, we mortals sell
Dear the few joys the stars allow.
Behold my heart, an empty shell,
And give back my Heurodis now!

G. B. R.

A Celestial Tragedy.

—So this was heaven! Very bright and cheerful; every stone in the pavement seemed to glitter with an arrogant sparkle. She had always disliked gaudiness herself and had avoided all elaborate display of jewellery. But this was heaven, after all, and one has to put up with inconveniences at first wherever one goes.

An angel came up and spoke to her by name. She still had some earthly prejudices clinging to her, and thought that he might at least have waited to be introduced. But heaven, apparently, was very much like one of those church socials she had always detested so—very free and easy. After all, you cannot snub the first being that speaks to you in heaven—not, at least, until you have made friends with more congenial ones.

He uttered a few words of welcome that sounded very stereotyped. She always had hated that phrase, "Pleased t' welcome ya t'our midst." But his next utterance gave her other material for thought.

"Soprano?"

She nodded.

"Well, we're rather heavily stocked with sopranos, but never mind. Here's a harp—you don't need to know anything about music. Just strike these four chords in order, like this."

She took the instrument mechanically.

"How long shall I have to do this?" she asked.

"Why, forever, of course. Everything in heaven is permanent. We change the anthem every thousand years, though."

"But," she stammered, "you know, on earth I always believed in reincarnations. I thought that after a suitable rest, they'd let me return to earth. I was rather looking forward to my next incarnation. I wanted to be a man, you know. An engineer, and build bridges and piers and things. That idea used to cheer me up when I had to act as secretary to the Ladies' Aid. I had an idea——"

"You had some very fantastic ideas," retorted the angel. "I wonder how you got here at all. Fancy anybody wanting to leave all this expensive celestial splendor for that really dreadful planet of sin. What you used to call the earth, you know, is really the Slum District of the Universe. No nice person ever wishes to return there. You can't have been thoroughly purified. And as for your desire to be an engineer! Do you realize that men like that are very often quite sinful? They frequently drink and nearly always are profane. I only hope, for the reputation we have maintained here hitherto, that you won't go about with these mad theories of reincarnation."

"And shall I be playing on this harp, or whatever it is, for the rest of my—er—existence?" she asked tremulously.

"Why, of course," replied the seraph.

A baleful light illumined her mind. "One question, please."

"Well?"

"Excuse me, but is this really—Heaven?"

G. B. R.

Life, give happiness to me,
But if my prayer
Seems bold and foolish, Life, to thee,
Give certainty:

Once to be sure, from asking 'Why'
And 'whence' to cease,—
To feel that love and pain, passed by,
Have left but peace.

A. M. A.

Crispy Pancakes.

Fiammetta—whose habit of reading over my shoulder will cause trouble in this family yet—surveyed the title and pointed out rather scornfully that I knew nothing about cooking. "Or if you do," she added, "your conduct on that last camping trip was selfish, not to say actively dishonorable. You would go fishing just before meal time, and you know that I adore pancakes."

"My dear," I said unguardedly—Fiammetta when "my-deared" is apt to become dangerous—"I have mentioned before how much I dislike your habit of reading over my shoulder, and as for such an excess of emotion about food——"

Fiammetta promptly seated herself on the desk, completely disorganizing my carefully arranged papers. A fountain pen, recognizing the symptoms, rolled disconsolately to the floor, and only a skilful manoeuvre on my part kept the ink-well from following its example.

"Crispy pancakes," I explained, replacing the ink-well, "are a symbol. Some gaily dressed but rather touchy acquaintances of my childhood were in the habit of dining on crispy pancakes of yellow sea foam. Both the color and the texture of the dish appealed to me, so I conceived the idea of creating an analogy between pancakes and all the flippant and delightful things that make up the dessert of life."

"Chiffon stockings and 'The Bat,'" said Fiammetta, accomplishing in a deft wiggle the difficult achievement of sitting on one foot.

"And afternoon tea and Browning's love lyrics and honeysuckle on a June night," said I, again rescuing the ink-well.

"Better than that," said Fiammetta, swinging the other foot. "Cherries stolen by moonlight."

"The first cigarette after a swim."

"And the feeling that you're the best dressed woman there."

"The music of the 'Maid of the Mountains.'"

"And any summer morning before six o'clock."

"Making love," said I.

"Being made love to," said Fiammetta.

"Have a pancake," said I.

"Thanks," said Fiammetta.

The lunch bell chuckled to itself behind the dining-room door. In bachelor days I had a Chinese gong which solemnly boomed forth its tidings. Fiammetta, however, insisted upon something more cheerful. This thing when summoning one to meals positively giggles.

"Come and eat," said Fiammetta, sliding from the desk.

"Rather!" said I, rising with a certain hastiness. The ink-well, with unreasonable celerity, rolled to the floor. Refusing to contemplate the rapidly spreading pool, I turned towards the doorway.

"And what are we having for lunch?" said I.

"Pancakes," said Fiammetta.

S.M.

Fantasy.

Lady, for you I'll glean the silver skies
For shining shadows, diademed with dew,
And twine them into twilight tapestries
Lady, for you!

Shadows of clouded amber, bound with blue;
Slow-sliding shadows, smoky-winged, that rise
In the still heights behind the sunset hue;

And purple shadows, ebon-edged, with eyes
Of grave distress — all these I'll take and strew
Like dust of dreams in faery palaces,
Lady, for you.

G. B.

Patent Medicine.

Gus swallowed the next drink half-disgustedly. Liquor didn't satisfy. A vague sense of disappointment filled his being with conflicting emotions: a queer sensation that baffled analysis and gave rise to an inexplicable feeling that in some way he had been cheated. Why should it be so? His summer's work was done. It had been a successful season. Fine claims near the head of Wakee glacier—some of the best looking rock he had ever seen! Of course he had paid for it—rough miles of trail breaking and back packing; bruised heels; feet chafed and cut from shrunken snowshoe thongs; weeks of tormenting black flies and no-see-'ems; days and nights on the ice—and the sun; endless hours of intense dazzling reflection; unescapable burning reflection that painted his features with red torture, that swelled his lips and filled them with raw cracks, that at times even penetrated his smoked glasses and jabbed at his very eyesight. He had paid! Damn the hills! He bent over the bar with lowered head and toyed with his empty whiskey glass. And this town, too. He'd go where they had real white lights. A man might as well be in the hills as in this hole. He'd make one more stake, a big one, and go out. That little stretch of white water now, it might make a good "lay." It showed colors and lots of black sand. Gold! That was the only game. This hard-rock business took too long to make a turnover—a sucker's game. Next year it would be gold. But all winter in this camp! He should have tried that creek a little further up. Anyway he'd look it over again. It was worth a chance. Then he'd take in the big time—see something worth while—to hell with this place! He pushed the empty glass from him and straightened up.

Eddie, the barkeep, had waited a long time. He now broke in.

"The joint ain't what she used to be, Gus." The glasses tinkled sharply as he dipped them and set them to drain. "Used to be a regular place; music—none of that canned stuff, either, right off the ivories—and girls? Say, for wine, women and song this cave had them all cheated, didn't it? Well, you know—Paris—Paris!" Gus noisily slid his hobnailed shoe packs from the brass rail. Leaning back against the bar, he supported his weight on his elbows and casually surveyed the room.

The place was empty. The pool table stood idle, untidy newspapers and magazines scattered over its black cover. The card tables, green-topped and studded with brass tacks, were piled in one corner to gather dust. The piano was swathed in stiff brown canvas and faced the wall. Gus stared at it for a few moments.

"Where's Caruso?" he finally asked.

"Oh, he craved excitement. Went outside last boat. They's a real piano player comin' in next month, though. A girl. She's good. Kid Slick they call her—from Rupert—plays and does a turn in the Bungalow there. She's good." Eddie walked to the little iron heater that stood at the end of the bar, opened its door and threw a shovelful of fuel on the bed of red coals. "A good looker, too. She'll bring this camp back again," he concluded.

Gus unsnapped his mackinaw and locking his thumbs beneath his braces, stared at the fire as if fascinated by the darting flames.

"Where's Dell?" he asked.

Eddie glanced up inquisitively and slowly closed the stove door before he answered briefly:

"She's upstairs."

Gus still gazed, then turned abruptly to the bar again and smoothed out a bill on its damp surface.

The glasses were filled. Eddie snapped his down with a mumbled "How!" Gus took more time and asked for water. "Liquor raises hell with these cuts," he explained, lightly tapping his raw lips with the tips of his hardened fingers. Once more he turned and leaned back against the bar. His chin sank to his chest, and he gazed—this time at the floor. Eddie mopped the bar.

"They look sore all right. Got burnt once myself out from Nanano. Had a lay five miles above Discovery on Glacier Creek."

Gus didn't appear interested and cut short the story with:

"Where's all the boys?"

"They's all in the hills yet; won't be down till first snow. You're first one in this fall."

"Pete?" Gus didn't look up.

"Yeh, he's out." Eddie hesitated, then leaned forward across the bar. "She threw him out."

Gus continued his contemplation. The toe of his shoe travelled back and forth in the crack between two boards.

"Well, let's have a drink," said Eddie cheerfully. "It's time the house bought."

Gus manipulated his carefully, noticed the change from his bill, pocketed it slowly, lounged back on the bar, straightened up again, snapped his mackinaw, and eventually scraped towards the door at the end of the room.

"Where you goin'?"

Gus didn't stop.

"Oh, just goin' up to say hello."

Eddie smiled wisely. When the door had closed he reached underneath the bar-top. The short burr of an electric buzzer in the room above reached his attentive ear.

A. B.

In Thrall

A mist danced before his eyes, myriads of tiny golden flecks that took momentary and fantastic shape—distorted faces seen but for an instant ere they dissolved—gleaming wolfish eyes, blood red lips curled back from cruel, pointed teeth; golden dust again that slowly began to take form——

Suddenly the mist cleared. Lindsay's host was knotting a handkerchief about his wrist.

"Never be so careless again," said Dymov in a voice of unnecessary sternness, as if he were controlling himself with difficulty. "You have no idea of the danger you run. Another time——"

Lindsay was somewhat abashed. A clerk in a real estate office, he had been summoned some distance out of the city at the request of a wealthy Russian who wanted to buy a house.

Strange-looking man, the Russian, with his black hair and his unnaturally red mouth cutting the deathly pallor of his skin. But, as he consulted the map, he seemed to know what he wanted—a house in a well-populated, prosperous district. The location of one house in particular seemed to please him. He did not even object when Lindsay explained that the large building near at hand was an orphanage.

"Here," Lindsay had been saying, pointing with the paper-knife, "is the——" They were startled by a scream suddenly choked off. At the sound Dymov's tawny eyes dilated suddenly, his nostrils whitened at the tip. Lindsay, startled as much by the ferocious appearance of his host as by the sound, nervelessly dropped the paper-knife and in so doing cut an ugly gash in his left wrist. The Count leaped towards him just as the room began to reel.

How stupid of him to feel so faint. And why should his host look so angry? "Why, he looks as if he would like to eat me," thought Lindsay, and a cold shudder swept over him. "How silly of me. I have been reading too many tales of terror. No more vampires or were-wolves for me."

Just then his host, glancing out of the window, exclaimed with unexpected suavity: "But, my dear fellow, it is quite dark and you have had a tiresome day. Here in the country we retire early. I shall take you to your room. I trust your wrist does not inconvenience you. Try not to cut yourself in any way while you are here—at least not before we——"

"Before we what?" Lindsay wondered as he followed the Russian down the hall. How large the man looked in the lamplight! What breadth of shoulder—and what strength and lightness of tread—almost like that of some savage beast!

Again that sensation of menacing danger! Again the boy tried to shake it off. As he said "Good night" he hoped that his face showed no sign of the uneasiness that gripped him. He would look at himself and see.

Why, there was no mirror in the room! How odd! There had been a glass in the dressing-table—once—for the two supports still lifted their gaunt arms. Very unusual.

From outside came a long drawn howl. It was only a dog—of course. Yet how curiously like a wolf it sounded. It sounded too—foolish thought—like Dymov's laugh.

He crossed to the window. Serene and remote, the moon looked down on the lawn, flooding it with calm, cold light. Suddenly from the velvet shadows close to the house the howl was repeated.

Violently, feverishly, Lindsay fastened and bolted the window. His hands trembled, his heart beat hard against his ribs—every nerve was strained.

This would never do. He must pull himself together. Frightened by a dog! But it did sound like a wolf. Perhaps his host had brought it from Russia. There are wolves there—and were-wolves. Why should he think of a were-wolf? Crazy thought! He would put the idea out of his head. And at once he began to remember all he had ever heard or read about the creature—a man by day, an animal by night; ever seeking new victims, victims with soft bodies and warm blood, women—or little children; endowed with superhuman strength, able to change its outward form at will, to slip, like a mist, through a tiny hole; yet, he remembered, with certain limitations—it can cast no shadow, cannot be seen in a mirror—a mirror——

Some minutes later, Lindsay made another effort to gain control over his imagination. Otherwise he was undoubtedly going quite mad. Where were his thoughts leading? He had imagined impossible things before—and laughed at them—later. After all he was a man grown, and this was not Russia. He would go to bed.

An instant later he discovered that his watch was missing. Somehow that steadied him. Why of course—he had left it on the desk. Better get it. The door-knob did not turn. Impatiently he jerked the handle. No response. A sudden frenzy overcame him. He threw himself against the unyielding wood, beat upon it. Then he whirled as if shot. What was that sound at the window?

A great bat flapped its wings against the pane and was gone. Silence. Then two pointed ears appeared above the sill, two red eyes that gleamed.

There was a crash.

A mist danced before his eyes, myriads of tiny golden flecks that took momentary and fantastic shape—distorted faces seen but for an instant ere they dissolved—gleaming wolfish eyes, blood red lips curled back from cruel pointed teeth; golden dust again that slowly began to take form——

K.

A Blackbird Sings.

Down we swing from the heights and the dawn mists quiver
Over the level lands where the wet grass clings,
Clover heads brush our feet and across the river
Dew-bright on a dew-wet branch a blackbird sings.

Never shall Spring and morning and life be older
Still shall the blue mists linger and we will go,
Striding ahead you'll tramp with your gun on your shoulder
Whistling to Jock who worries the rabbits so.

What care we for the riddle we cannot capture
Breath on white clover and dew on growing things,
We have this and this is enough for rapture
Down by the misty river a blackbird sings.

S.M.

Beyond.

Crest after crest of mellow green
The hills sweep upward to the sky,
Down to the little leafy dells
The evening shadows creep and lie.

Westward, a shimmering golden haze
Shuts out my gaze that strains to see
Glorious color blazing there
Behind that misty drapery.

Evening dimness over earth,
The calmness of the evening sky,—
Yet what lovely mysteries
Beyond the starry curtain lie?

A. M. A.

Avalun.

(From the German of Victor Hardung.)

All we, who ride with our bridle free,
Round the Land of the Sunbeam, Avalun,
Turn in our stirrups again to see
With a measuring glance the pathway won.

Behind us, lost in the distance far,
Float in the rosy evening beam
Sombre pinnacle, golden star,
And our souls perceive their dearest dream.

It lies behind us, beyond our powers.
A fleeting goal to be gained by none;
What we are longing for, that has been ours:
Such is the legend of Avalun.

G. B. R.

I came upon you
As you sat alone
In broken sunlight.
Sitting all alone
In the familiar woods,
That we called ours.

And as I leaned above you,
You bent back
Your thoughtful face to mine,
And in your eyes
I saw that you had dreams
Love could not reach.
Then suddenly
A strange red-crested bird
With broad wings flying low,
Passed through the trees
In the familiar woods,
That we called ours.

D. H. W.

Sonnet.

In silence is the cold world's stifled cry
Made visible; the grasses shudder and grow white,
While frozen tears of anguish prove their plight,
Inconsolate; a little shivering wind creeps by,
And sifts the fine snow with a gusty sigh,
And murmurs and moves on. Yet the still night
Is splendid in her calm, colossal height
Of stars, all cloudless in Eternity.
She smiles upon my brief mortality,
A mighty spirit, blind to our dual pain,
The world's and mine. Desire seizes me
To oppose the eternal order of her reign,
And rise above her scorn. Instinctively
I breathe upon my fingers once again.

B. J.

Verity.

For the third time Jerrold shouted to Douglas, suggesting that they attempt to take a reef in the mainsail, and again Douglas shook his head stubbornly. He lifted one hand from the tiller to wave towards the nearing headland.

"If we throw her after another hundred yards the tack'll carry us behind the Point, and home," he shouted back. Jerrold nodded and crept forward to loosen the mainstay. He moved cautiously, clinging to the rail which ran along the low roof of the cabin, and then slipped to a crouching position with one arm around the mast. He tried to gauge the distance to the Point, but the wind caught his breath away and the spray stung his eyes. The cutter was sliding into a trough after every third wave or so, and the next wave would strike the starboard bow a smashing blow, the crest of it lashing over to drench the jib.

With a shout of warning Douglas drove the tiller over and the yacht headed into the wind. A crested surge struck full on her bows, and then another, and she lost headway. Jerrold pulled the jib over and the wind filled it for a moment, pulling the cutter's head round. The mainsail flapped, caught the wind, and then flapped again frenziedly. Another wave drove over the bows, and then a gust, sudden and heavy, lifted the boat onto her side. Only the slacking away of the boom could save her from capsizing. Jerrold caught an instant's glimpse of Douglas, one hand on the tiller, the other plucking desperately at a rope that knotted itself about his ankle. The waves were pouring into the pit, and the yacht had grown heavy and sluggish. Jerrold knew suddenly that it was going to sink under them, and with the conviction came no thought of fear, but an unreasoning impulse to action. He started aft—stumbled—caught at a stay—swung outward and downward until the twisting of his arm forced his hand open, and he dropped sideways into the hollow of a wave.

When he fought his way to the surface the yacht was thirty feet away, with the cabin level with the waves. He started to swim to it, but his oilskin cape wrapped itself about his head and arms, and he had to struggle desperately for several minutes before he could work free. When next he looked for the yacht he saw only a bare pole, like a periscope, sliding slowly under the water. And at the thought of Douglas, tangled in the rope, a great surge of horror shook Jerrold so that he sank a second time, and came up choking and sobbing, racked with a physical agony that cleared his brain. He turned to breast the waves, slipping out of his clothing by degrees, and then he commenced to swim towards the Point, his limbs moving mechanically, his breath whistling between his clenched teeth. Soon a sharp cramp struck like a knife across the palm of his left hand. Then the arm grew numb. His whole body was growing numb, and his mind also. He swam on in a mental twilight, imbued with a dull confidence and an unbelievable endurance. Presently he realized that he was bumping among rocks, and he rose to his feet, a wave lifting him forward. He stumbled a few paces up the shore. Then the universe appeared to dissolve in one shuddering crash and he collapsed on the sand, his body shaken by surge after surge of nausea and his face buried in a tangle of cold seaweed.

* * * * *

Not once in the three days since his brother's drowning had Jerrold ventured down to the shore. He was afraid to look upon the sea again. He dreaded lest the sight of it should stir up thoughts which he did not dare to dwell upon—thoughts of Douglas prisoned in those green glooms, with his eyes fixed and open, waiting, waiting. . . . And there were other images, too, uglier ones, of sunless crevasses in the ocean floor, where Douglas' body was the prey of misshapen things, with glazed incurious phosphorescent eyes, and beaks like birds. . . .

Yet on the third evening when Jerrold went down to the sea he thought that it had never looked so lovely. He stepped into his canoe and paddled slowly out, and the ripples came and lisped against the bows as though chiding him for his truancy. Then as he moved more swiftly the whispers rose to a laughing murmur that was strangely quieting. The exercise was quieting, too, and presently he drew in the paddle and lay back to rest, breathing deeply.

The sun had just set; already the west was beginning to pale. He watched the long ashen clouds with their golden crests fall slowly apart like the half-consumed faggots of a bonfire. Scattered flakes of flame made a pathway across the dark water to the very edge of the world; and behind the slow clouds was a shadowless depth of amber-rose like an open casement into heaven.

Along the shore-line a smoke-blue haze was dulling the gold of the autumn foliage. The mountains changed from bronze to purple and then faded to a cold silver; and a dusk that was almost palpable drifted under the archway of the sky. Far up the Sound a twilight breeze woke a patch of silver ripples that swept down upon the motionless canoe, shook it for a moment with bright restless tremors, and passed on, leaving the face of the sea wan as with a great weariness.

Jerrold turned to paddle slowly shoreward. A fire had been built upon the beach and he watched the sparks soaring and vanishing,—eager, transient, golden sparks, born to be swallowed up suddenly in a great darkness. . . . "As the sparks fly upward" . . . And then Jerrold's mind was filled with a final unendurable picture—the vision of a crowd of people passing in a decorous line before a coffin, where Douglas was sunk deep among the white silk cushions . . . dead. . . With a sudden sense of relief Jerrold gazed out again across the friendly water where he and Douglas, many and many a time, had gone swimming and sailing together in the sunlight.

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Correspondence

This column is maintained for the use of students and others who wish to express themselves on any topic of general interest. The Ubyssey does not assume responsibility for any of the views expressed.

The Editor of the Ubyssey.
Sir:—

The studied insults to Sir Henry Newbolt that were published on the Muck-A-Muck page of the Ubyssey last week are undoubtedly the darkest smirch on the escutcheon of our University. It is hard to understand how it happened that those despicable compositions were ever allowed to go to press, for we are convinced that the greater part of the editorial staff could have had no knowledge of them. Derision of that nature addressed against one of our own professors would be insulting in the extreme, but addressed against a stranger, against one of the most distinguished men in the British Empire today, and, above all, against our own guest, there is no word ugly enough to describe it. We feel that we are voicing the sentiments of the greater part of the Student Body when we demand that the individual who was responsible for the publication of these compositions be immediately and permanently removed from the Ubyssey Staff. This measure is necessary not so much to punish the culprit, for we feel that he is too insignificant to be worth bothering about, as to vindicate the name of our University.

A. ZOOND,
L. B. STACEY,
R. L. MacLEOD,
D. HINCKS,
J. A. LUNDIE,
ERNEST C. HOPE,
CYRIL JONES,
N. McCALLUM.

Editor Ubyssey.
Dear Sir:—

I am writing to protest against certain references in your issue of March 22nd to the recent visit of Sir Henry Newbolt. I refer to the objectionable ideas expressed in "Muck-A-Muck" and "By The Way."

It is indeed unfortunate that of the University there are certain members who appear to be unaware of what is expected of an Undergraduate, Canadian or English. University students are expected to possess at least the elements of common courtesy but this appears to be totally lacking in some individual. The spirit shown by these attacks is contemptible, and is in no way representative of the spirit of the University as a whole.

Much has been done by the students as a body to interest the general public in their campaign to build the permanent buildings at Pt. Grey, and these references in the Ubyssey as the official organ of the student body are bound to have a detrimental effect on public opinion.

There is a vast difference between a serious criticism, based on the critic's point of view which in some way may differ from that expressed by our distinguished visitor, and flippant and ill-mannered remarks and verses.

I know that it is the feeling of the majority of students that these references are most regrettable and uncalled for and I trust that some official apology for those insertions will be made

Yours sincerely,
G. C. A. JACKSON,
Science '24.
March 26, 1923.

Editor Ubyssey:—

It is to be regretted that such a conglomeration of fanatical nonsense was published in last week's issue. I refer to the unwarranted and dastardly attack on Sir Henry Newbolt. The rabid ravings of renegades were printed without regard to either truthfulness or fairness. Even the editorial was cluttered up with such meaningless phrases as, 'the full-blooded patriotism of Nelson's time.'

Let us hope that the general public will take as lenient a view as 'Lucian' does in Saturday's 'Provnce.' In conclusion he says, 'I was once a college editor, and can look back with tender admiration on that period of complacent superiority! Complacent! Smug! how expressive of the utterances of our youthful Bolsheviks. Themselves unpatriotic, they have presumed that all Canadian citizens are. All this in spite of the fact that Canadians as young as fifteen and as old as sixty-four took their places in the front line.

Canada has developed a national status as part of the British Empire. Excluding Quebec, the great majority of our citizens are of British stock. It is not possible for them to forget the achievements in arms of their race. God grant that their blood may never turn to water and they become cringing writers of notes, afraid to fight when their citizens are slaughtered and civilization is threatened with extinction.

Very truly yours,
H. E. BRAMSTON-COOK,
Science '24.

Editor of the "Ubyssey."
Sir:—

I am aware that there are at least two letters which in all likelihood will appear in this issue of the 'Ubyssey." Both have been written with the expressed intention of criticising the editorial staff for its discourtesy and poor taste. I had always considered that I knew at least the general connotation of the terms "courtesy and taste," but from what I gather of the contents of these two criticisms, it appears to me that my interpretation of those terms sadly differed from that of the person writing: because to me those letters are in themselves, although not satirical, the best example, in both diction and tone, of the very discourtesy and poor taste that they so loyally condemn.

And one more point, Mr. Editor. It is, to me, a most surprising fact that since the controversy has arisen, and one or two members of the faculty and a daily journal have made known their attitude, a great number of students—supposedly here for the development of individual thought and action—who, in the first place heartily commended the views of the Ubyssey; have, like a weather-cock, veered with the breeze of reaction and are now the most ardent of noisy Judases. The only conclusion that I can arrive at is that a large proportion of our student body is unable to think for itself.

L. T. Morgan, Arts '24.

Editor Ubyssey.
Dear Sir:—

As this is the last issue of the Ubyssey and as there are rumours of a criticism of certain members of the Ubyssey staff, we, the undersigned do hereby signify our entire confidence in those members. We admit that the headlong impetuousness of youth produced one or two unfortunate lapses from good form in the last issue, lapses that might have been avoided, in connection with the ridicule lavished upon Sir Henry Newbolt's first address to us. That ridicule, however, was directed, not at the man himself—Sir Henry is of course a very worthy gentleman—but at the jingoism and the parochial narrowness of the ideas he expressed.

It must be remembered, that we were not prepared for such a discourse: it brought on too sudden a conflict between our sense of humour and our courtesy, and naturally the stronger impulse conquered.

As for the parody that has caused so much unnecessary comment, it is, except for two regrettable lines, a harmless piece of irony and in the circumstances abundantly justified.

(Signed)
M. PORTSMOUTH
D. H. WALSH
NORMAN ROBERTSON
DORIS C. LEE
A. BUCHANAN
L. T. MORGAN
J. V. CLYNE
JOHN R. McKEE
V. A. SOMERSET
SALLEE MURPHY
D. H. RAE.

ED. NOTE.—Departing from our usual policy we make no comment whatever on this week's correspondence.

SPRING CONCERT

Cont'd from Page 1

ed the audience by her mastery of phrasing as well by her technical efficiency. The vocalist, Miss Lillian Wilson, in her rendering of "Caro Nome" from Rigaletto and the three selections: "Norwegian Echo Song," by Throne, "The Unforseen," by Cyril Scott and "L'Ondine du Rhin," by Weckerlin, displayed great maturity of interpretation and skill.

The brilliant technical ability of the violinist, Mr. Holroyd Paull, was shown with marked effect in his selections. "Mozourka" by Zarzychi and Wieniawski's "Sourenir de Moscow." The soloists were accompanied by Miss Isabel Campbell, a musician whose quick sympathy added much to the enjoyment of the audience.

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TRACK MEET

(Continued from Page 1)

The next event was the outstanding performance of the afternoon. Hugh Russel of Agriculture cleared 5 feet 9.4 inches, on his third jump, and in so doing broke the Western intercollegiate record, the Provincial record, the University record, and his own previous record of 5 feet 6½ inches.

Lazenby set a fine mark in the Javelin throw when he heaved the dart 132 feet 4 inches. He broke his own record made in the eliminations in this event.

In the pole-vault Demidoff heaved himself over 9 feet 5 inches winning the event and breaking the record. The provincial record, in this event is held by an old Varsity man, A. A. Nicholson, and stands at 10 feet 6 inches.

The Mens' Relay was won by Agriculture. The Farmers ran well and established a new record in the fast time of 1 minute 41 4/5 seconds.

The ladies of Arts '25 took a hard fought relay race, Arts '26 leading until the last runner was unfortunate enough to fall, a few feet from the tape. The time beat that of last year, the girls making the distance in 2 minutes 3 4/5 seconds.

Barton won the mile in the record time of 4 minutes 55 seconds. It was a close race, Arkley looking a likely winner until the finish of the race.

Buckley finished the afternoon's performance by taking the three miles in record time, 17 minutes 3 2/5 seconds. Buckley ran a spirited race, and beat his fellow Aggie, Luyat, by a few yards in the sprint to the tape. Desbrisay, Arts '26 was third.

Summary of the afternoon's events follows:

The winners of the events were:

120 yards hurdles—Livingston, Arts '24; Russell, Agriculture; Hislop, Arts '24. Time, 18 seconds flat.

Shot put—Ramsell, Science '25; Greggor, Science '25; Pottinger, Arts '26. Distance 37.3 feet. Record.

100 yards dash—Livingston, Arts '24; Warren, Science '26; Palmer, Arts '25. Time, 10 4-5 seconds.

Discus—Ramsell, Science '25; Mathers, Science '23; Fulton, Agriculture. Distance, 95.65 feet. Record.

880 yards—Buckley, Agriculture; Arkley, Arts '25; Gyles, Arts '26. Time, 2.8 2-5. Record.

220 yards—Livingston, Arts '24; Palmer, Arts '25; McCallum, Agriculture. Time, 24 seconds. Record.

High jump—Russell, Agriculture; Hislop, Arts '24; Kelly, Arts '25. Height, 5 feet 9.4 inches. Provincial record.

Javelin—Lazenby, Science '25; Price, Science '25; Davies, Arts '26. Distance, 132 feet 4 inches. Record.

440 yards—Palmer, Arts '25; McKay, Agriculture; Forster, Arts '25. Time, 56 4-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Demidoff, Science '25; Buchanan, Arts '24; Morris, Arts '26. Height, 9 feet 5 inches. Record.

Men's relay—Agriculture, Arts '25; Science '23. Time, 1 minute 41 4-5 seconds. Record.

Women's relay—Arts '25, Arts '23; Arts '26. Time, 2 minutes 3 4-5 seconds. Record.

One mile—Barton, Science '26; Arkley, Arts '25; Hope, Agriculture. Time, 4 minutes 55 seconds. Record.

Hop, step and jump—Barry, Agriculture; Hislop, Arts '24; McKay, Arts '24.

Broad jump—Hislop, Arts '24; Morris, Arts '26; Palmer, Arts '25. Distance 18.75 feet.

Three miles—Buckley, Agriculture; Luyat, Agriculture; Desbrisay, Arts '26. Time, 17 minutes 3 2-5 seconds. Record.

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The Literary Corner

FOOLS' BAUBLE.

Tapestried fantasies woven of laughter,
Laughter that breaks in the breath of a sigh—
Dreams give a star and a song—ah! but after
What if dreams die?

Woven of laughter, of tears and of sighing,
Youth and the sunlight and fools may sing—
Gleam of a dawn and the far wild birds crying,
What shall night bring?

Nay, not the tapestries woven and clinging,
Such robes bring bondage where Sorrow may rule,
Leave me my laughter and bauble, the ringing
Bells of a fool.

S. M.

S. C. M. ELECTIONS.

The following officers of the Women's Section S. C. M. were elected on Monday, March 26:—

Hon. President—Mrs. Klinck.
President—Eleanor Ormrod.
Vice-President—Ruby Reilly.
Secretary—Laura Mowatt.
Treasurer—Jean Telfer.
Business Committee—Sylvia Thrupp Magdalene Aske, Mildred Nellist.

WOMEN'S LIT.

Miss Winnie Cawthorne has been elected President of the Women's Lit.

People nearly always say we do good work, but you never can tell. They may be just joshing us.
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MUCK-A-MUCK

POLICY: Not to be taken too seriously.

Auntie Josh's Column

For those people who are wondering what happened to Uncle Josh, our heart specialist, we must say that Auntie Josh unfortunately got wind of his noon-hour consultations. As a result he has resigned his intellectual position on the Muck staff, and has gone back to his old position of sweeping roads.

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THE DIVINE STAY

His arm around her slender waist,
She coyly dropped her head;
"Your form," he cried, "is quite divine."
"Of corset is," she said."—(Ex.)

The girl who is ready to take a joke need never remain an old maid.

A miss in the seat is worth two in the engine.

"Oh, well, my vote won't make much difference one way or the other," said the lackadaisical ass, as he failed to poll his vote for the Arts Men's Undergrad.

A RINGING PROPOSAL

First Co-ed: "And has he proposed to you yet?"

Second Co-ed: "Not yet, but oh, last night his voice had such an engagement ring in it."

No, it isn't a tomahawk, it's a mallet.

STATISTICS

It has been calculated by the Department of Mathematics that ninety per cent of the students in Arts '25 are running for some office or other on the Students' Council. Why even their clock's running.

"I am running," said the pup, "because I am fleeing."

PROPOSAL BLUES

He tried to propose, but she thought that he was singing a popular song and joined in the chorus.

BALLADE OF THE WALL

Since Poets first their festive lay
Have warbled—one and all—
Of nightingales and new mown hay,
Of giants great and small,
Before their stuff began to pay
They wrote upon the wall.

For lo—in Neolithic days,
Before the reign of Tut,
Before the world got in a haze—
And sculptors in the rut,
The poets then all got the craze
Upon the walls to cut.

And in our College Halls so fair
Why should we curse and bawl,
And no amount of language spare
On freshies in the hall—
I see a little "pagan" there
Who writes upon the wall.

L'ENVOI

And "pagans" there will always be,
Or so it always seems to me . . . . .

THE WRITING ON THE WALL (PAPER)

We were simply amazed to find that Miss Doris Shorney can stand upon her own feet. Who would have thought that there was anyone around this University with such outstanding ability.

Perhaps you never knew it, but a man eats three miles of bread in half a century.

"How did you ever become such a great orator?"

"I began by addressing envelopes."

THE MAN WITH THE MALLET

This is Sad—Don't Read It!

For a whole term, Dear Readers, you have been imbibing the material beneath our Fiendish Headline, and yet we will not hesitate to affirm that you have not once stopped to consider the meaning of the picture at the top of our page. And now, before bidding you a Sad Farewell, we will explain it to you. The Man with the Mallet is Mr. Muck, and the Fleeing Devil is College Humor.

He is a peculiar Devil, this, and has bound up with him a fiendish combination of Professorial and Freshman tastes; that is why he can run so fast, and that is why Mr. Muck has never been able to catch him. In short, this Demoniacal Shadow is the personification of that Perfectly Balanced, and All-satisfying Sense of Humor, which Never was on Sea or Land.

If, Dear Readers, Mr. Muck has, in his wild career after the Devil during the past weeks, Raced over your Sense of Propriety, or Trampled upon your Pet Characteristics, or Whooped your name in Vain, or recklessly Malleted your Favorite Diversions, forgive him, and remember that one cannot always Pick One's Steps when Chasing the Devil. Remember, too, Kind Friends, that our page at its best is only a Joke,

And now, Dear Readers, the Race is almost Run; Mr. Muck is about to throw down his Mallet and his Knife, and proceed to let the Devil go to the Devil. Now, too, Dear Readers, it is time for you to throw down your UBYSSEY, on the Common Room floor and studiously wend your way to the Reading Room. Mr. Muck, remembering the Exams that lie Two Weeks Beyond the Devil will soon do likewise. Wearied by his Wild Satanic Race he will drop into a chair, park his feet on the seat opposite, assume an Industrious Scowl, and straightway proceed to work out the Philosophical Problems of an Exametory Existence.

The Wicked Vamp

I told her in my nicest way
The wicked vamp was out of date,
And that the fashion of the day
(I hold her in my nicest way)
Was something artless, bright, and gay.
Why did she get in such a state?
I told her in my nicest way
The wicked vamp was out of date.

A Hair Net is a mighty flimsy article but many a poor devil gets caught in one.

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David Spencer

Exchanges

University of California, March 15—Stanford and the University of California are conducting a fight through their press to oust women from the universities. They are charged with bankrupting their families to maintain themselves in style, having no regard for self-supporting students, coming to college to seek eligible young men, creating an artificial world around themselves and distracting the men from their studies with social life. The women, in turn, claim that the men are jealous because they are being beaten in scholarship, that the male ego is being stepped upon, and that if women are looking for eligible young men in college most of them go away disappointed.

Hanover, N. H., March 15.—Dartmouth has come forward with a new selective process in the way of college entrance requirements. Beginning with next fall, this college will rate its candidates not only on intellectual ability but upon character and personality. It is the belief of Dartmouth that "positive qualities of character, wide range of interests and capable performance in school activities should operate as determining factors in selection."

Monmouth College, Ill., March 8.—After a period of 49 years, authorities at Monmouth college have removed the barrier and Greek letter societies are being re-established on the campus. Four local sororities are already occupying houses. Monmouth is the birth-place of two great national sororities, Pi Beta Phi and Kappa Kappa Gamma. In 1874, however, all Greek letter organizations were banished from the college.

Spring and Summer, 1923

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ENGINEERING DISCUSSION CLUB

At the meeting of the Engineering Discussion Club on Tuesday noon, short speeches were made on places where employment might be obtained for the summer. The speakers were: R. Hodson; "Mining on the Coast." The speech dealt chiefly with the Premier Mine, Anyox, Drum Lummon and Britannia.

W. Geigerich spoke on "Mining in the Interior," covering the Sullivan Mine and Slocan District. Cliffe Mathers spoke on Canneries along the Coast. W. Ure's subject was Trail: Jack Underhill's "Surveying," while E. E. Gregg covered Timber Cruising and Logging Camps.

The Pulp Mills on Howe Sound and at Powell River were treated by C. Arnott and M. Lighthall spoke on the number of positions open while M. Mclachlan mentioned the work on some of the Coast steamers.

The Engineering Discussion Club will post a list of the openings available in the physics building; those desiring further information might consult any of the above on their respective topics as these men have worked at the places covered in their speeches.

A REPLY.

Who are the pagan children,
With never a goal in sight?
Who lie on the edge of the sunshine
And lisp of the leaves of night?
Who, if they laze or languish
Or dance the world along,
Or bask at the heart of beauty,
Yet utter a pagan song?

Not you the sort of children
That were denied a soul;
For you the great Hereafter
Lies open as a scroll,—
Or why this dream of a city
In the gold eternal morn?
This paganry of moonrise
Above the waving corn?

You are just lovely children!
May sorrows pass you by,
Or—leave you sweet in the wheat-fields
Under a windy sky;
Whence Death is but a roaring leap
To a living far above
The lap of the drowsiest noonday,—
Lure of the Land of Love!

L. H.

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SCIENCE MEN'S UNDERGRAD. OFFICES

At the Annual Meeting of the S. M. U. S. held Monday noon. Retiring Pres. F. H. Finlay, handed over office to Bob Hedley.

The following executive were elected for the ensuing year:

Hon. Pres. ..... Dr. Davidson
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